

In Recital

Melanie Konynenberg, soprano

assisted by

Ingrid Kincel, piano

Sunday, April 8, 2001 at 2:00 pm



Convocation
Hall

**Arts Building
University of Alberta**



University of Alberta
Department of Music

Program

Music for a while (1692)	Henry Purcell
Strike the Viol	(1659-1695)
Hark! The ech'ing Air (1692)	

Verborgtheit (Secrecy) (1888)	Hugo Wolf
Das Verlassene Mägdlein (The Forsaken Maiden) (1888)	(1860-1903)
Im Frühling (In the Springtime) (1888)	
Er Ist's (Song to Spring) (1890)	

Ich Will Dir Mein Herze Schenken (My Heart I Gladly Grant You)	Johann Sebastian Bach
	(1685-1750)

Intermission

O Mio Babbino Caro (O My Dear Father) from Gianni Schicchi	Giacomo Puccini
	(1858-1924)

C'est l'Extase (It Is the Ecstasy) (1888)	Claude Debussy
Il Pleure Dans Mon Coeur (It Is Weeping Inside My Heart) (1888)	(1862-1918)
L'Ombre des Arbres (The Shadow of the Trees) (c. 1880)	
Chevaux de Bois (Wooden Horses) (1888)	

The Ships of Arcady (1918)	Michael Head
Beloved (1918)	(1900-1976)
A Blackbird Singing (1918)	
Nocturne (1918)	

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mrs Konynenberg.

Mrs Konynenberg is a recipient of a "Building the Future for Students" Arts Scholarship.

A reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Verborgenheit (Secrecy)

Tempt me not, o world, again lure me not with joys that perish, let my heart, unspoken, cherish all its rapture, all its pain. Unknown grief consumes my days, it is with eyes all vied by sorrow that, when dawns each hopeless morrow, on the glorious sun I gaze. Only dreaming brings me rest only then a ray of gladness, sent from heaven, cheers my sadness, lights the gloom within my breast.

Das Verlassene Mägdlein (The Forsaken Maiden)

When stars are shining yet must I rise and fire make, out of my bed I get, long before daybreak. Often I sit and stare at sparks gaily shining; heavy my heart with care, filled with repining. Ah then, it comes to me, thou faithless lover, that I did dream of thee, the dream is over. Then do my tears fall fast, my eyes are blinded; the day hath dawned at last, would it were ended!

Im Frühling (In the Springtime)

Here on a hill in spring I'm lying, on clouds my thoughts are flying, a bird my flight does precede. Oh, loved one, say where are you hiding, for I'd fain be with you abiding. But you and the breezes need no house. As sunflowers to the sun my heart to you unfolds, longing and hoping, when you it beholds. Springtime, say what is my fate? How long must I wait? I see the clouds and river wend their way, the sun does send a golden ray that pierces in my heart so deep; my eyes, so weary with much wondering, close in half conscious sleep. And but my ear hears the bees now murmuring. My inmost thoughts I cannot tell, a longing vague within my heart does dwell: half joyful it is half sad this yearning; oh heart discerning! What memories sweet do you recall when over the gold green branches dusk does fall? Days that never can be returning!

Er Ist's (Song to spring)

Spring does let her colors fly, wafts them through the breezes gaily; well known perfumes greet us daily, earth does pulse with ecstasy. Violets so shy, dream of near awaking. Hark, from far a sound of melody! Spring has come at last! Radiant all earth making! Spring has come!

Ich will Dir Mein Herze Schenken (My Heart I Gladly Grant You) from St. Matthew's Passion

Alas! My heart is bathed in tears that Jesus' dread departure nears, yet does His Testament uplift my soul. His flesh and blood, o precious gift, given to me to keep and cherish. As He was true on earth to those who loved Him, to them was faithless never, so loves He all His own forever. Lord, my heart I gladly grant You, enter there, I ask of You. Deep in it would I emplant You; though this earth to You be small, you shall be my all in all, more than earth and heaven to me.

O Mio Babbino Caro (O My Dear Father) from Gianni Schicchi

O my dear father, he pleases me, he is handsome. I want to go to Porta Rossa to buy the ring. Yes, yes I wish to go there. And if I should love him in vain, I would go on the Ponte Vecchio to throw myself into the Arno! I pine away and torment myself. O God, I would like to die! Father, have pity!

C'est l'Extase (It Is the Ecstasy)

It is the languorous ecstasy. It is the weariness of love. It is all the shudders of the woods caught in the embrace of the breezes. It is, rising up to the grey boughs, the chorus of little voices. O, the frail and fresh murmur! It prattles and whispers, it sounds like the gentle cry which the ruffled grass gives out. You might take it for the muffled rolling of the stones, under the whirling water. The soul which bemoans its fate in this slumbering lament is ours, isn't it? It's mine, you see, and yours exhaling its humble am under its breath, on this warm evening.

Il Pleure Dans Mon Coeur (It Is Weeping Inside My Heart)

It is weeping inside my heart, just as it is raining over the city. What langour is this that seeps inside my heart? gentle noise of the rain on the ground and on the roofs! For a heart on the throes of boredom. O, the noise of the rain! It is weeping for no good reason inside my demoralized heart. What! No treason, even? This sorrow has no cause. Indeed, my grief is all the worse if I do not even know why, in prey to neither love or hatred. My heart is so sad.

L'Ombre des Arbres (The Shadow of the Trees)

The shadow of the trees on the misty river. The Dies as if it were smoke are on the air, among the real boughs. The turtle doves are wailing. How colorless landscape, reflected by this colorless landscape, and how sadly your drowned hopes wept among the high leaves.

Chevaux de Bois (Wooden Horses)

Go round, go round, merry wooden horses. Go round one hundred, one thousand times, go round, go round forever. Go round, go round to the sound of oboes. The bright red child and its white mother, the lad in black and the girl in pink. She absorbed and he blustering, each treating himself to a pennyworth of Sunday. Go round, go round, horses of their heart, while around your round about the sly pickpocket's eye is winking. Go round to the sound of the victorious piston! It's amazing how elated you feel when you join into this silly circus! Your stomach feels hollow and your head aches, aches a plenty and oodles of good. Go round, gee-gees with your least. There's no need for spurs to compel you round gallops. Go round, go round, there's no hay for you. You must hurry up, horses of their soul. Already night is calling to their dinner and disbanding the merry throng of drinkers, hungry with thirst. Go round, go round! The velvety sky slowly adorns itself with golden stars. The church peals forth a sad knell. Go round to the merry sound of drums.